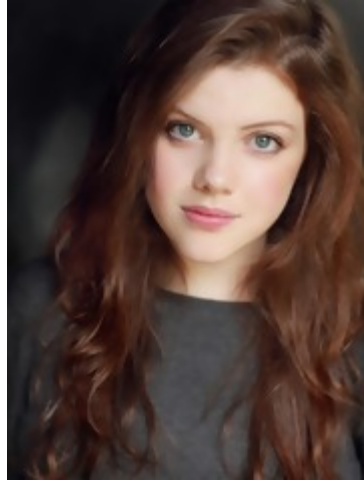




Lost In Illusion (Bill Denbrough Fanfiction) by xsophyx

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Summary: Honey. That's what they called her. She was too delicate for this world, too fragile. But how does this sweet, innocent girl deal with the horrors of the outside world? When her home life is too much to deal with, she looks to escape with the schools losers. But what happens when she is faced with a demonic human-eating entity? Is it just an illusion, or is it all too real?

Lost In Illusion (Bill Denbrough Fanfiction)

"Mom, me and Gracie are going out by the creek to play!" The young brown-eyed boy called whilst he bounded down the stairs, missing every two steps. His mother stepped into the hallway from the kitchen and leaned against the door-frame.

"Are you sure, honey? Your father just came back and he won't be staying for long." She frowned, crossing her arms over her chest. But before the boy could whine a tall man stepped in from behind her and placed a hand on her shoulder to calm her down, making her mouth twitch up into a smile.

"Oh, c'mon Susan, let the kids have some fun outdoors together. I'll be here waiting for when they get back." The blue-eyed man grinned, pulling the boy into his side, ruffling his hair making the boy laugh. Susan tried to keep up her façade but gave in when she heard her daughter skipping down the stairs.

"Yay, thanks dad! C'mon Joshie, let's go on an adventure!" Heather squealed in excitement as her father picked her up, hugging her tightly before giving her a peck on her wavy brunette head of hair.

"Alright, but make sure you're back in time for dinner, snowflake." David approved, giving his daughter one last squeeze before placing her back down. He laughed as she stumbled before grabbing her brother's arm to keep her balance. Joshua took his sister's hand in his own and started to run out the door.

"Joshua, take care of your sister and stay safe!" Susan shouted worriedly after the hyperactive siblings who ran straight for the grass field across the street. David brought his wife into a hug, calming her down immediately.

"It's alright Susan, let the kids have some fun. You shouldn't worry too much, they can look after themselves." David assured her, leaving Susan to sigh and turn to face their kids as they disappeared into the tall grass of the fields.

"Okay, all I'm saying is that Guns N' Roses are so talented not only did they make their songs great, they made other bands' songs look

like complete shit!" Heather rolled her eyes at her friend's dramatic phrasing as she leant against the railing of the bike stand. Her eyes scanned the school's front yard trying to find a familiar face, but with her luck, she found nothing. School had just finished for summer and Heather was standing with her group of friends. Well, she hadn't really felt like she had been a part of their group for a few years now. It wasn't the fact that her friends were rude or terrible people, she just got this horrible feeling that they didn't want to be around her, so she kept her distance.

"Heather? Hey, dreamy?" Lizzie tapped Heather's shoulder lightly, to bring her out of her thoughts.

"Huh?" She replied, whipping her head to the side to see what her friend wanted. The group was looking at her expectantly, some sniggering at her cluelessness. But, of course, Heather's fragile mind warped this action into a negative push against her. She tried to ignore the stares of the group of girls but she ended up looking slightly to the ground to avoid them.

"We asked you if you wanted to meet up at some point in the summer, have a party, maybe bowling?" Selena repeated in her usual high pitched caring voice. Heather looked up again and gave a small smile.

"Yeah. That would be nice. Thank you." Heather answered quietly, noticing something in the corner of her eye.

"Heather, honey. We've already been through this, you don't have to thank us for our company. We're your friends, we see each other, like, every day." Kelly encouraged, giggling. But Heather was too distracted by the scene taking place behind her to fully pay attention to her friends.

"Yeah." Was her quick reply, as she tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. Heather looked over, catching the end of a brief encounter between Henry Bowers and his goons and the four outcasts from her year.

She pitied the boys as they were lovely kids who were nothing but nice to her. Their names were Bill Denbrough, Richie Tozier, Eddie

Kaspbrak and Stanley Uris. She had spent a certain amount of time with each of the boys throughout her years at school. Heather was paired with Richie in Chemistry, which led to numerous chemistry related pranks on their teacher, leaving Heather in hysterics. One year, she sat next to Stanley in Geography and once he started to warm up to her he told her all about his bird-watching hobby, which warmed her heart seeing how enthused he was.

Another time, Heather was paired with Eddie for their health class assignment which meant they had to work together after school hours. They had to spend weeks on that assignment, bringing them closer as friends, and with Eddie's vast knowledge on medicine and diseases, they managed to get straight A's. Finally, Heather worked one on one with Bill on an English assignment and presentation, Bill was a bit down because he felt as though he would fail because of his stutter and ruin her grades too, but she reassured him that he wouldn't. She made sure to bring his mood up by helping him in her own time with his speech therapy, repeating phrases with him and sentences and later, their presentation. Bill only managed to stutter once or twice during the whole ten-minute presentation to their class. The other three boys were so shocked by his improvement that they cheered and whistled so loud once they finished presenting that the whole class had joined in. Because of the class response, their English teacher gave them extra marks, ranking their grade up to an A. Heather swore she had never seen Bill smile so brightly.

Heather smiled at the memories she shared with the four boys but frowned as she saw Patrick Hockstetter throw Stan's Kippah onto a school bus, causing it to bounce out of his eyesight. She glared slightly at Bowers and his gang as they got into their car. Heather left her friends' sides and stepped over to the patch of grass that held Stan's Kippah before picking it up and making her way to the boys.

"Stanley?" Heather's soft voice interrupted their quiet grumblings about Bowers. They all turned around in shock, not understanding why a girl like Heather would want to talk to a group of losers like them.

"Woah." Richie gasped staring at Heather with a mix of awe and confusion, but Eddie slapped his arm to shut him up.

"I think this is yours." Heather gave a one-sided smile before handing Stan his Kippah back. His eyes widened before taking the fabric back, giving Heather a smile. Bill's eyes sparkled in admiration as he stared at the beauty before him.

"Thank you." Stan beamed, placing it back on his head.

"Don't worry about it." She started but got distracted and faded out when she caught eyes with Henry Bowers who gave her hungry eyes and a suggested wink that didn't go unnoticed by the boys. Eddie, Stan and Richie gave menacing glares, but Bill looked as though he was going to explode. His face was red with pent up anger, he looked as though he was trying to stutter out a bunch of swear words but Richie beat him to it.

"Fuck off, you perverted asshole!" Richie barked as Henry started to drive away. Bill still glared towards the car, and if looks could kill...

"Just ignore him, he has nothing better to do with his life than to torment others." Heather pointed out, trying to calm the boys down. This surprisingly worked, as all their attention focused back in on her delicate voice. It was like they were in a trance whenever she talked. Heather even had the reputation of being nicknamed 'Honey' as her voice was so soft.

"Anyway, I better be going. Have a nice summer!" Heather smiled to the boys before walking off towards the east side of the school in search for someone.

"Bye, Heather!" Eddie called out as they all stared after her as she walked away stunned by her sweetness. Richie shook his head to get out of his daze and started to laugh as he saw his stuttering friend's facial expression.

"Renewing that little girl crush on Heather Grace Hunter are we, Billy?" Richie teased, breaking Bill's gaze, causing him to roll his eyes.

"S-shut up, R-Richie." Bill warned, but the rosy heat still stayed spread on his cheeks.

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Heather searched around the east side of the school looking for a particular girl with long ginger hair and bright blue eyes. She smiled as she saw the girl talking to Ben Hanscom who looked very flustered talking to the ginger beauty. Heather met eyes with Beverly Marsh and they started to walk towards each other. Heather's smile faltered as she saw that her friend was covered in trash and dirty water.

"What happened to you?" Heather asked in concern, picking out a used tissue from Beverly's ponytail. Beverly's smile dropped slightly but she refrained from rolling her eyes at the thought of the bully who did this to her not wanting Heather to take it the wrong way.

"Oh, I accidentally slipped next to the trashcan in the bathroom and it fell all over me. Don't worry, I'm fine." Beverly replied carefully choosing her words as Heather always saddened at the thought of her friends getting hurt, especially at the hands of school bullies. Heather's smile picked up a little, believing the girl's white lie, Beverly let out a sigh of relief at the innocent reaction.

"Do you want to meet up at the river by the barrens later? I would go with you now, but I think I need to shower and change first." Beverly let out a laugh, gesturing to herself. Heather joined in before nodding.

"Yeah sure, I'll meet you there." Heather agreed before waving at Beverly and turning to make the journey home. As the sound of the rejoicing kids quietened down, Heather pulled out her Walkman and started playing some Whitney Houston, letting the sound of her sweet voice relax her as she made her way home.

Once Heather reached her house her breath quickened as she pulled out her keys and fumbled for the right one before finding it and opening the door. The smell of Gin wafted through Heather's nose and she scrunched up her face in disgust. She kept her headphones on as she put her keys back in her bag before searching the open hallway to see if she could spot anyone. As she saw the coast was clear she made a sprint up the grand staircase making a way to her bedroom door. She almost made it up the stairs before a looming figure appeared out of nowhere, blocking her path. Heather jumped

in fright, almost falling down the stairs but she grabbed the railing before she did so, balancing herself. Her heart started hammering against her chest as she slowly took her headphones off and looked up to meet the figure's eyes.

"Why are you back so late? Oh, I know, you were probably off fucking some poor boy, sucking his face off, weren't you?" Heather came face to face with her mother, her eye's focused in on her own like a snake ready to attack its prey. That's what Heather was most afraid of, her mother's eyes were a piercing icy blue/grey colour, deathly and soulless. That's why she resulted into looking at her mother's necklace wrapped around her bony neck, an anniversary gift from her father.

"No, mother I was just walking home from school." Heather stuttered, heart racing, vision starting to go blurry.

"Oh yeah, of course you were. I don't know why you still bother with school, we both know you're going to drop out anyway. Weak whore." Her mother slurred, obviously drunk.

"I'm speaking the truth. I'm so sorry mother, I must've got distracted on the way back home." Heather rushed, choking on her own words as panic flew threw her veins. Everything around her went dizzy as her head continued to pound like a drum, she could hear her own heart beat racing over her ringing ears. She would do anything to get out of this trapping situation.

"Yeah right. Get out of my way, bitch." Her mother spat, shoving her out of the way before stumbling down the stairs and disappearing in her office. Heather slowly sat herself down at the top of the stairs, trying to regain her senses and awareness. Tears streamed down her face as she brought herself out of her panic attack. Her vision was blurry due to the tears in her eyes, she looked up towards the chandelier in her rather grand expensive house and gazed upon the sparkling diamonds of the lights.

Hey, Sophie here. I hope you like this chapter of my IT fanfiction, I wasn't planning to upload this until I had completed writing this story but here we are. Please review and like and tell me what you think, I have this whole story planned out but

just haven't written it yet and the updates probably won't be quick. But I hope you like this first chapter xx